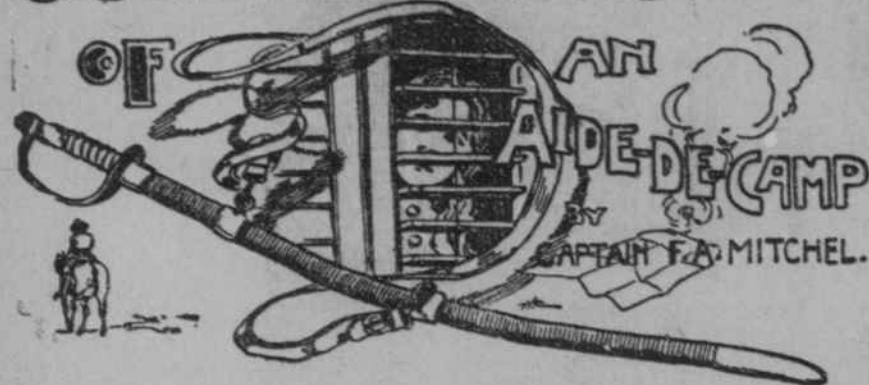


## CONFESSIONS



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## SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Gen. Heath is ordered to report to headquarters at Chattanooga. As he is preparing to do so, he is surprised to find a girl in uniform, who is the daughter of a Confederate officer, in the room with him. She is the daughter of a Confederate officer, and is the daughter of a Confederate officer.

CHAPTER II.—Gen. Heath leaves Chattanooga with 500 men, his brigade, and moves out to Morgan's cross-roads. On the way he meets a girl in uniform, who is the daughter of a Confederate officer, in the room with him. She is the daughter of a Confederate officer, and is the daughter of a Confederate officer.

CHAPTER III.—When questioned she said her mother is for the confederacy and herself for the union. A night after she is caught in the kitchen attempting to burn a paper which contains the plans of the confederate army. She is caught by the Union soldiers.

CHAPTER IV.—Gen. Heath's command is attacked by confederates, but they are repulsed. The girl in uniform is again seen, and a mysterious face at the window.

CHAPTER V.—Gen. Heath accepts a parole from Miss Beach at the suggestion of Lieut. Hall, who proposes to answer for her. During the night she slips out of the house and escapes.

CHAPTER VI.—The federal troops are surprised at night and in the night Lieut. Hall is captured.

CHAPTER VII.—Lieut. Hall is taken before a confederate, Maj. Berante, who had been a classmate of Gen. Heath at West Point. He is taken to the plantation where he is held. He is taken to the plantation where he is held. He is taken to the plantation where he is held.

CHAPTER VIII.—Miss Beach joins Hall outside the confederate camp and together they reach the Union lines.

CHAPTER IX.—The confederates are surprised at their camp and routed. Miss Beach is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held.

CHAPTER X.—The confederates are surprised at their camp and routed. Miss Beach is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held.

CHAPTER XI.—After a skirmish with the enemy, in which two men were lost, Miss Beach is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held. She is taken to the plantation where she is held.

CHAPTER XII.—Lieut. Hall is on watch. He goes to sleep and is awakened by a visit from Gen. Heath, who threatens him with the penalty for sleeping on duty. Miss Beach is not in the cave, and it is supposed she has gone to give information to the enemy. She returns, however, and leaves and is accused. Melidew whispers something to the general as he starts to ride away to join his escort.

CHAPTER XIII.—The watchers continue at the cave and are rewarded by seeing the movement of the confederate army against Burnside begin.

CHAPTER XIV.—The trip back to the federal lines is begun, and the little party is halted by a confederate picket.

CHAPTER XV.—They are about to be detained when Miss Beach asks for a moment's conversation with the commanding officer in private. Hall believes that by telling him their mission, they are rescued at that moment by the federal cavalry under Heath.

CHAPTER XVI.—They escape from the confederates and reach the river, where Frank turns back to the room in which she is held. He has deserted and joined the confederates.

CHAPTER XVII.—Hall and Miss Beach continue their efforts to reach the federal camp.

CHAPTER XVIII.—While being tracked with dogs Hall and Miss Beach run into a column of federal cavalry under Gen. Heath. When he sees them he orders their arrest and explains that Private Melidew has returned to camp and reported that the movement of the confederate army did not take place and that Hall and his companion have manufactured a spurious story.

CHAPTER XIX.—They are confined in separate rooms, and Hall finally manages to gain access to the room in which she is kept under guard. There he learns the mystery of the face at the window, and finds a young brother, the man who, when his sister is trying to save. The guard is alerted and they have to separate.

## THE TABLES TURNED.

We had scarcely got through the trap when the door of the room below opened. Indeed, I had no time to adjust the lid, and left it ajar. Georgia and I sat on the roof, not daring to go farther, lest our footsteps should be heard in the room below. The corporal of the guard put his head in at the door, and we heard him talking with Margaret. He asked who was there, and Margaret said: "No one." I supposed that he would search the room, but he did not; he closed the door, and we could hear him going downstairs.

During this period of suspense I knew nothing except that we were in jeopardy. When it was over, what was my astonishment to find my arms around Georgia, holding her to me as if our safety depended upon the tightness of my grip. I would have continued in the same position for an indefinite period—for it was not unpleasant, and my modesty, as I have before stated, was by no means of the first order—but Georgia, recollecting herself with the disappearance of immediate danger, withdrew from my embrace. Then, instead of hastening to my room, I dalled. Georgia was wild, as she had been from the first, about her brother's critical condition, and I was eager to reassure her.

"He will be caught yet," she moaned. "Not a bit of it. I'm going to help him to escape, if I am shot for it."

"That would be only giving your life for his."

"But mine isn't worth anything—at least, to you—and his is very dear to you."

She did not reply to this, and I launched forth in a number of wild schemes for Harold's escape that could only have emanated from the brain of a beardless boy who had suddenly become enamored. I was sowing the wind, giving my keepers time to get on my track. I knew nothing but Georgia and my impossible devices in behalf of her brother, till suddenly, noticing a stirring in the yard below, unusual after "taps," I led Georgia to her skylight, saw her safely through, then, going to where I had left my "hook and ladder," let myself down to the roof of

the extension and waited for the sentries to be out of view. Then, securing my hook to the cornice directly above my room, I swung myself clear. Vibrating once, twice—crack, and down I went. Some one caught me in his arms, staggered, but kept his legs. I turned my head, and looked into the face of—the general.

He put me down and stood staring at me. I behaved better on this occasion than ever before when he had me at a disadvantage.

"A fine night, general," I said, quite calmly.

"Just the night for 'singing and singing under Bonnybel's window-panes,'" he quoted from a favorite ballad.

"Or dangle before one's own window-panes," I suggested.

"When you are older you will not care to risk your heart, your honor, and your neck in such escapades. Then you'll know a boy is an ass. Come with me."

He led me to his tent, where he threw himself on his back on his camp cot. He looked worn and weary. I stood waiting for him to proceed with a catchment which I naturally expected.

"You are infatuated with a woman," he said, "and are on the verge of ruining your career."

"What woman?"

"Margaret Beach."

"Would you mind telling me, general, how you know that?"

"It is plain as day. I make a truce with Miss Beach that she may lead you to a point where you can watch the enemy. No enemy passes. To save her and some confederate, perhaps, hidden on these premises, you return and make a false report. Would you do this were you not in love with her?"

"I wouldn't do it in any event," I replied.

"I have written evidence." "Written evidence! What do you mean, general?"

"You will know in time. I am not going to attempt to draw from you what you have been up to to-night; if you care to make a clean breast of it, do so; otherwise I will call the guard and send you back to your chamber. And I will take care that you don't dangle again before your window, or the window of anyone else."

It seemed fully five minutes before either of us spoke again, the general leaving me to make up my mind, I considering what to do. At last I started to speak, but checked myself.

"Out with it."

"General, do you know one Bernal Berante?"

I studied his face to note the effect of my words. For my life I could detect no change, no emotion.

"I do."

"Did you ever write a letter to the mayor of —, in Texas, offering to surrender your command for a consideration?"

"Well?"

"Maj. Berante has that letter. When I was a prisoner in his hands he forced me to read it, telling me that you would explain it, and suggesting that I ask you if you remembered the casemate at Fort —?"

"The general heard me without wincing; I was astonished at his self-control."

"You have kept this matter a secret for some days," he said.

"I have."

"You are more wary than I thought you."

"I am curious, general—" I hesitated. "To know—"

"The explanation that Maj. Berante said you would give."

"Lieutenant," he said, icily, "I am not in the habit of making explanations to the members of my staff."

His coolness staggered me; I felt that I had gained no advantage by my

this."

"Go."

"You will not hear me?"

"Go; you are as free as air."

My shot had produced far greater effect than I had supposed. I expected that the general would hurl back my implied threat, but that it would induce him to break my arrest I did not for a moment anticipate. I stood staring at him in astonishment.

"General," I said, presently, "after the manner in which you have doubted me I would accept no favor from you. You have given me my freedom, which rightfully belongs to me; but understand that you have placed me in a position that releases me from any further responsibility to you except officially. In military matters I am subject to your orders; in civil matters I shall act in accordance with my own conscience."

"In other words, you will sigh under Bonnybel's window-panes as much as you like; you will assist her in her efforts to transmit information to the enemy, which she is desperate enough to do even with her neck in a halter."

"You mean noble enough to do, did she consider it her duty?"

The oddity of the situation suddenly flashed upon me. First the general is accused and irritated to the verge of insubordination. Then he meets Margaret Beach, with evidence against her as strong as that against himself, and, believing her guilty, treats her with far more severity than the government had treated him. Lastly, the infection spreads to me. Being accused wrongfully, I am about to make my treatment an excuse to assist an enemy of the government to escape. Surely, when the devil sows, he catches all within range of the seed.

And when the devil gets one into a condition to suit him he kindly furnishes the means of getting a stronger grip on his victim. I left the general in high dudgeon, and, going to the house, sat on the veranda, "nursing my wrath to keep it warm." I had spent an hour in this fashion, when, hearing some one pass out of the front door, I turned and discovered Georgia. When she saw me she started back; then she came forward, and, hoarse with emotion, said:

"Mamma is very ill. Can't you go to the general and get a pass for me to go down the road to where our doctor lives?"

"He would send an orderly."

She buried her face in her handkerchief.

"I can give you a permit in the general's name," I said.

"Please do."

I suspected at once that her object was to send her brother out of the lines in her clothes. I had assured her that I would aid him to escape, but now that I came face to face with wrong, notwithstanding that the devil was buzzing about my ear, I hesitated.

"You want a pass for your brother to use."

"For myself."

"Surely?"

"Surely."

"Very well; come with me."

I led her to the gate and directed the guard to let her go out. What was my surprise to see her hasten away into the darkness without hesitation or fear, or even a good-by.

"Upon my word!" I exclaimed, "she wants to go for a doctor, but she might have at least thanked me for helping her to do so."

Early next morning orders were issued to march as soon as the men could get their breakfast. Where we were going was not divulged, but I surmised we were to go either to Knoxville or Chattanooga. Wondering what had become of Georgia, I mounted the stairs, and, inquiring which was her room, tapped at the door.

"Who's there?" I recognized Georgia's voice, but noticed that it was much sweeter than the night before.

"I, Lieut. Hall. I only wish to know if you were successful in your quest last night."

"Yes."

"What time did you get back?"

"About—let me see—ten o'clock."

"Nonsense. It was 11 when I passed you beyond the lines."

Again there was a short silence, followed by: "Was it?"

"What's the matter with you?" I asked.

"Nothing; go away. I'll tell you by and by."

I went downstairs, and on reaching the gallery found a summons to go to the general. As I left the house a solid company of troopers marched up and took possession.

"Lieutenant," said the general, "we are to go at once to Chattanooga, where this whole matter will be referred to the commanding general; but before we march I intend to put it beyond possibility for anyone who may be concealed within the limits of this plantation to escape me. I shall make a final search myself, and I desire you to accompany me."

I followed him to the house, which I found filled with men. They were scattered in every apartment, in the halls, in the cellar, on the roof. It was plain that the general had caught the secret of Harold's Beach's long-maintained dodging. My heart sank within me. At last the boy must be trapped. Margaret would be vindicated, but her brother's arrest and the speedy punishment that would surely follow would be a terrible blow to her. The general walked rapidly through all the rooms of the lower stories, but it was only when he reached the top floor that he began to hunt in earnest. Every room except the one in which Margaret had been placed was examined in every nook and corner. When we came to Georgia's room, I was surprised that she was not there. Mounting to the roof, the general ordered a man to thrust a ladder tied to a guillemet staff down the chimney. No one was found, and the searching party descended to the floor below. A sentry was standing at Margaret's door. The general stopped before it, hesitated, started to go downstairs, but, changing his mind, went back and knocked.

The door was thrown open by Margaret, and the general, followed by his attendants, stepped over the threshold. By the window stood a figure that I recognized as the object of our search—Harold Beach. Margaret's face was calm; indeed, it struck me with wonder that, now the blow had fallen, she bore it so tranquilly. Harold turned, and, encountering the gaze of the

searching party, shrank away, rather as if ashamed of his work than sensible of the doom that awaited him. The general stood looking at the youthful soldier with mingled surprise and contempt.

"Are you the creature who has been eluding us so long?" he said.

The boy's face broke into a merry smile. The general stood puzzled, stepped forward, put his hand on a coil of hair that there had been no attempt to conceal, and a jet black mass fell nearly to the floor. In a twinkling I perceived Georgia.

Wild with delight she began to jump up and down, clapping her hands, her eyes dancing.

"General," I said, "I think I can throw some light on this matter. The brother of this girl last night asked me for permission to go for a doctor. Supposing him to be his sister, I passed him out."

"What was he doing here?"

"He was the real spy, intending to carry the plan of Burnside's works to Gen. Bragg."

The general stood looking first at Georgia, then at me, then at Margaret. But one thought seemed to possess him, a wonder that we should have the hardihood to concoct such an absurd story. Turning, he ordered those attending him to leave the room.

"I confess," he said, when they were gone, "that I sympathize with this last desperate deception, this forlorn hope to save life."

There was a moment of silence, then Margaret stepped forward. The hunted expression she had worn ever since she had come to the plantation had disappeared.

"My innocence may now be proved," she said.

"How so?"

"The officer who made the plans found on me is near here and may be summoned as a witness."

"Indeed? Who is the officer?"

"Maj. Bernal Berante."

The general started.

"Margaret," I cried, my loyalty to the general returning in spite of our recent differences, "this Berante holds a paper incriminating the general. We must find him some other way."

Margaret looked at him in surprise.

"Shall I tell you whether I am innocent or guilty?" he asked.

"No."

The general knit his brow inquiringly.

"You are innocent."

The stood looking at each other intently, Margaret with an expression of implicit trust, the general with mingled doubt and wonder. Then Margaret stepped towards him as if to give some expression of comfort, but he drew his arm before his eyes as if to shut her from his view, or to ward away a stroke, and without a word left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A LIGHTER HAND.

"Now, Jimmy, did my whipping do you any good?"

"Yes, ma; it made me feel real cheerful."

"Cheerful?"

"Yes, ma; it was so glad that pa didn't whip me instead o' you."—Detroit Free Press.

It WAS SO Sudden.

"Miss Gwendolen," said he, as they sat on the bench in the moonlight, "will you marry me?"

"This is so sudden!" she cried.

"My love?" he asked.

"No," she replied, "your nerve."—Baltimore American.

Congratulations.

Edith—Both Hobart and Harold proposed to me yesterday.

Edith—Yes; but how did you know?

Edith—Why, I saw them shaking hands over something this morning!—Puck.

Foolhardiness.

"Oh like courage," said Mr. Rafferty, "but O! don't like recklessness wid it."

"O! told Casey, the contractor, the same thing," replied Mr. Dolan, "wan day when he wor thyrin' to show how brave he could be in an argymint wid 'is wife."—Washington Star.

The Economical Politician.

"I want to save my country!"

They heard him cry in haste, "For I need it in my business, and it mustn't go to waste."—Washington Star.

RUSTIC SIMPLICITY.

Blaize—Ah, and how's the milkmaid? Unsophisticated Damsel—"Tain't made at all, sir; we gets it out of the cow.—Fun.

Getting at the Facts.

"My sweetheart gave me a pair of silver-backed brushes that cost \$25."

"Were you mean enough to go and price them?"

"No; but I had to pawn them."—Detroit Free Press.

Sweeping the Decks.

First Sailor—So you lost four wife last month? Wasn't it a terrible blow?

Second Sailor—It wor a regular tornado. She cleaned out everything in the house before she eloped.—Judge.

Going to Some Trouble.

"Wot's Timmy Farlsey standin' on his head for?"

"Aw, he's callin' 'tention to de fac' dat he's had his shoes soled."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Way Women Have.

Mrs. Mix—When my husband is away from me I feel as if I could fly to him.

Mrs. Mix—And when he comes home I suppose you fly at him.—Yonkers Statesman.

THANKGIVING

HE emerald forest leaves of spring, painted later in all the gorgeous rainbow colors by an autumnal sun, have passed into the serene and yellow; falling lifeless to the ground.

The harvest has come and the aftermath has passed, and the people of the great republic are prospering as never before in all the wondrous history of development of this God-favored people.

The president and the governors of all the states, following an example established by Washington and confirmed by Lincoln and his successors, have issued proclamations calling upon all the people of all the states to remember the generous kindness of the Giver of all, God, by returning unto Him prayers of thanksgiving for the blessings He has vouchsafed so freely to the nation.

Americans, properly and wisely doubtless, may differ as to proper lines of domestic and foreign policy, but all who are here have a common heritage, and owe their homage to the one common Source of all that is received.

Thanksgiving day is peculiarly anomalous in this, that the United States, alone in all the nations in that it gives official recognition to no religion and utters recognition of no God in all the universe, is the only one of all the nations which annually and unbrokenly sets apart a day in which to return grateful thanks to the one God of us all for His mercies and His blessings.

Here is no compulsion—no law exacting outward form of worship, or penalty for failure to comply. The proclamations are suggestive, or advisory only, in their nature. Yet, left free to this action, the spectacle will be observed today, as in similar past anniversaries, that citizens of all creeds, Catholics, Protestants, Hebrews, Shintoists and Confucians, will gather each in their own place of assembly and carry out a programme of worship, designed to show gratitude for the Divine goodness.

All minor differences of religions and political and religious faith disappear before the majesty of God's goodness and faith in Him, and in a free country that is common and dear to all.

It is not well or wise to say that God has favored this people above all other peoples, for such would be a vaunting of one's self above others. It is competent, though, to reflect that God has raised up on this continent within an incredibly short period a great and mighty nation; that He has caused His face to shine upon them and made them to flourish as a green bay tree by the water's edge.

He who receives with a thankful heart has no appeal to confidence of his fellow men, and is worthy the esteem of any who are reputed to be good. Ingratitude is the privilege of kings, as he has said, and of those who think their pleasures the highest obligation of their nature.

Yet this people is not ungrateful. It is a God-fearing people. Whether north or south, or east or west, all looking from the grave of the loved that is dead to the star whose light tends to strengthen the ever and forever of man's existence. Whether in snow-clad Alaska, or amid the sunshine of the southland; or watered by Atlantic or Pacific—here and there, and in all places of the states, Thanksgiving day is honored and observed in spirit and in letter. And this year, first of all the years, the observance of it is borne over the waves to islands where now floats the tri-color flag of freedom. Blessed is that nation whose God is the Lord, for from such He will withhold no thing that is good.

WILLIAM ROSSER CORBEE.  
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